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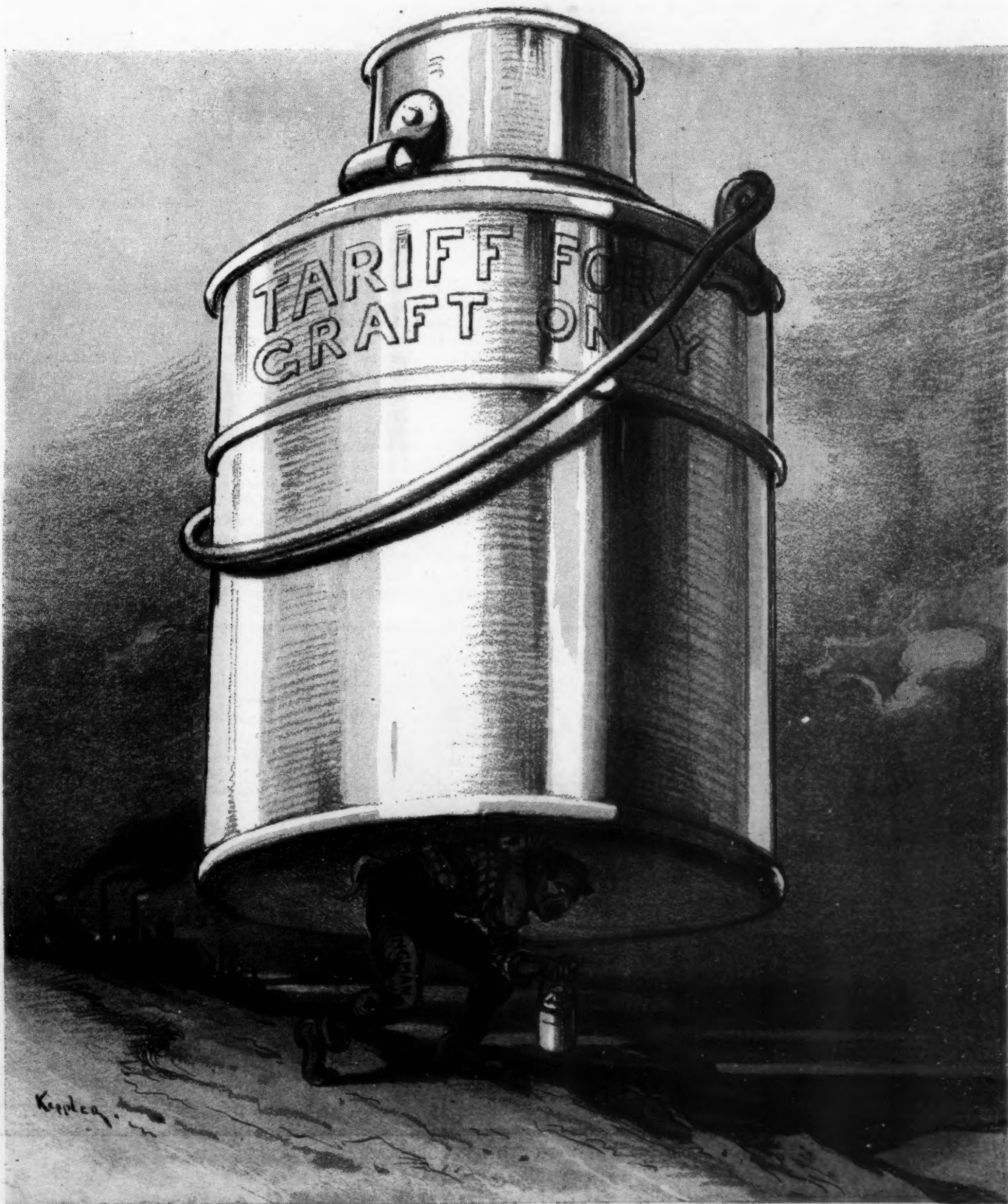
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BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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THE FULLEST DINNER PAIL.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Puck's Platform: Play the Game with the Cards on the Table.

EIGHT YEARS AGO, if you recollect, Mark Hanna, Tom Platt and one or two other conservative gentlemen made a good job of "shelving" the Governor of New York.

REPUBLICAN promises to revise the Tariff in the Sixtieth Congress would carry more weight if similar pledges in the past had not been shamelessly violated. Hell is paved with more sincere intentions

CHARLES A. MOORE of the American Protective Tariff League says that the League is not in politics. We expect to hear, any day, that Nelson W. Aldrich and Joseph G. Cannon are not in politics.

WHEN America or England discovers another Gilbert there may be found a composer who can measure up to his needs.—*The Argonaut*.

And—if in America—a manager whose office-boy will reject their work.

REVELRY IN INDI(AN)A.

Ho! stand to your glasses steady,
Ye buttermilk lads, arise!
A cup to the Fairbanks boomlet,—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

AN ANCIENT SLOGAN.

"THE ASSYRIAN came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold."
While his banners, the gayest that ever were flown,
Were fittingly legended "Let us alone!"

IN 1884, Theodore Roosevelt, then twenty-five years old, wrote to a friend that his success thus far had been won by absolute indifference to his future career; that he would not stay in public life unless he could do so on his own terms; and that his ideal was "rather a high one." His career since 1884 is a splendid inspiration to the young man of to-day in politics, who will have an easier row to hoe than Roosevelt had.

THERE ARE tricks in all trades, and perhaps more in the art dealers' trade than in others. Certain't is that the art business in Gotham reeks with fraud, and the "muck-raking" recently begun cannot fail to benefit honest dealers and artists alike. Incidentally we are reminded of the remark of a rare book expert: "My boy, I don't make catalogues for collectors; I make them for fools."

DURING THE recent Governor's Convention, Mr. Bryan was guarded by detectives. A little training, possibly, so that the presence of Secret Service men, after he is elected, will not annoy him.



A PUTTING CONTEST ON THE REPUBLICAN GOLF LINKS.

PUCK



A MOTORITE.

BUTTRESSED.

EXT after our Puritan Origins, to which we owe the New England conscience and the survival, until far into the age of predatory exploitation of the \$3 shoe for men,—after these, the most effectual buttress of our American democracy is perhaps our Blind Side. At all events, it is chiefly in virtue of this that a government of, for and by the people, not only avoids acts calculated to demoralize the stock market and throw everything into confusion, but extends such judicious protection to enterprise as will procure the landscape to be dotted with libraries and the bitter cry of intellectual hunger stilled forever and ever.

And it is a buttress not to be swept down in a hurry, for it rises on the secure foundation of our prejudices. Other things may pass away, but our prejudices never. We imbibe them with whatever brand of infants' food the doctors happen to be recommending. We cling to them through good and evil report. If any man assails them by word of mouth, we call him an anarchist and clap him in jail, and should any newspaper dare question them, we stop our subscription. Thus upheld, what plausible excuse has any government, howsoever responsive to the popular will, for perishing from the earth?



COMMENCEMENT DAY.

THE VALEDICTORIAN'S FATHER.—By heck, an' t' think thet after Bill has spoke thet piece t' the talkin-machine, the record'll be shipped away so's all the other members of his Correspondence School class kin hear him. Had no idee these commencement exercises was so impressive.

PROPORTION.

THE TRIANGLE, as we find it in modern English literature, is rather easily accounted for, after all. British novelists are by immemorial usage addicted to the three-volume habit. They are addicted to respectability, too, but less strongly. Accordingly, when the Buying Public, becoming every day more exacting, at length imputes to their work a defect of literary proportion, what happens? Naturally enough, they keep their books as long as before, but make them broader.

The Triangle, of course, is susceptible to indefinite enlargements. By making both husband and wife faithless, one may project a Quadrangle, which is more in the way of a square deal. And beyond that the polygonal figure is infinitely variable till at length it merges into some sort of a curve,—the curve of transcendent genius, perhaps, reserved for a future age to get onto.

Ramsey Benson.

ANOTHER PERSON.

LADY.—Really, I have no time to look at your books.
AGENT.—Madam, I'm no book-peddler; I'm a Best-Seller Demonstrator.

When all is lost save honor it is pretty hard to realize on the salvage.

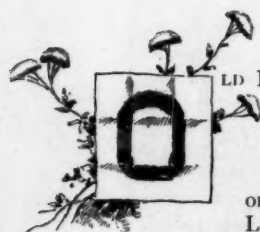


IF PERSUASION WON'T WORK, TRY STRATEGY.

THE BRIDE'S FATHER (as he removes the groom's disguise).— Foiled, my daughter! Foiled! Your husband is nothing but a decent American citizen!

A NEW JERSEY ROMANCE.

(Without apologies to Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman.)



OLD LADY PAGE came out of her little brown house and walked between long rows of marigolds and four-o'clocks to the front gate. The little house had four windows and a door in front. When one stepped in at the door one was in the house. There was no hall, only an entry with a clean oilcloth on the floor. Old Lady Page had on a dress of pale lavender lawn sprigged with purple violets. She held her dress up daintily to keep it from brushing against the plants. It had rained the night before, and there was a palpable and yet evanescent humidity in the air that appealed to the senses and scattered aromatic fragrance abroad. It was as if some unseen high priestess was somewhere swinging incense. The long oval of Old Lady Page's face wore a sweetly solemn saintliness. She did not mind the smell. She had on a black silk apron. She walked with a sweet subtlety, an indefinable alertness of motion, having no psychological relation to the laws of pedestrianism. It was hot. Old Lady Page was a woman set apart from her kind. Her lavender-sprigged dress had a pocket in it. Drawing from this pocket a fine cambric handkerchief, Old Lady Page gently removed the perspiration from her brow with infinitesimal little pats of the handkerchief. She did everything daintily. When she reached the gate, she stopped. This was partly because the gate was closed and partly because Old Lady Page did not wish to go any further. A robin twittered overhead. Old Lady Page let him twitter. A boy, Lucius Todd, ran across the street with a sweet screech. It startled Old

Lady Page as the screech fell on the tympanum of her ear, and her unspoken words were:

"Drat the brat!"

Old Lady Page did not like to be startled. It was apt to disarrange her false front. The blazing ball of the sun rode high. Old Lady Page did not try to stop it. Her thoughts were far afield. She wore old-fashioned hoop ear-rings of solid gold, brought across seas by her great-grandfather who had been captain of a pirate ship. She had the pride of a long line of ancestral Pages. Only she and heaven knew that her breakfast had been a single egg, laid by the venerable hen pecking away in close and prescient proximity to a lone rooster in the back yard. Only the hen stood between Old Lady Page and the county farm. She would have nothing but a green tomato-pie for dinner. A kind-hearted neighbor had the day before sent the old lady a hot cup-custard, and Old Lady Page had faced her fiercely and bade her depart with her custard, and had removed her name from her calling-list.

The mother of the boy with the sweet screech came out from her pea-green house down the road. She was a large, portly woman, with a gait suggestive of a vessel at full sail on a glassy sea.

"George Henry!" she called to the boy in a sweet and languid drawl. She had on a purple calico Mother Hubbard, worn with easy freedom and unconventional utility. The boy fled mockingly, and she said unemotionally:

"I'll tell your pa; see if I don't!"

The two women looked at each other with impalpable recognition. The cup-custard rankled. The mother of the boy with the sweet screech had sent it.

The day-dream is almost sure to go by contraries if you spend too much time at it.

PUCK



THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

The robber brought his sandbag down with considerable force on the head of the citizen, but the latter only staggered a little and passed on.

"Your money or your life!" the robber called after him, impatiently.

The citizen instantly retraced his footsteps.

"Pardon me!" quoth he. "I knew by the feeling it was a sandbag, and I supposed of course it was ballast from some passing airship."

It was now the robber's turn to make apology.

"I don't blame you!" he protested. "My style of robbing is so dreadfully out of date that few, except very old-fashioned people, know what I am about until I have explained to them."

A girl of eighteen came around the corner. She had on a new pink and white gingham dress. It was cut with gores, which was a concession for that part of New Jersey, and most of the village resented it. She wore the dress with an easy grace and a string of blue glass beads. She had an air of exultation like that of a child who had successfully swiped a cookie. Her name was Eveline Peach. She had on low shoes and white stockings. There was a tiny grass stain on one of the stockings. Her mother had been gently and sorrowfully reproachful over the grass stain. It would not wash out. All her soul was in her eyes. There were two of them, and they were large and luminous and seemed to be looking far ahead into the realities of life. The off-eye had the physiological peculiarity of being larger than the other and of a different tint. She had a wreath of pink roses on her hat.



JUST A REMINDER.

MISS YOUNGHEEN.—Why does he stick these pictures in the dirt? So's he'll know what is planted here?

MR. OLDGROW.—No; your tense is wrong; so's he'll know what *was* planted here.

She was of finer fiber than most New Jerseyites. Her mother had followed her to the gate. She was a little woman, and her voice had the sound of a far-away melody when she called out after Eveline:

"Your white skirt shows a good inch below your dress, Eveline."

Eveline walked on as one of the world, but not in it. There was torchon lace at forty cents the yard on her white skirt. Her mother was proud of that lace. It had been marked down from seventy cents. The Peaches were nothing if not economical. They never cut the pie wide, and Mrs. Peach could make one out of three prunes and a teaspoonful of sugar. Eveline had a complexion that looked like paraffine wax over a glass of currant jelly. She lived almost exclusively on her mother's prune pies. There was a row of six tucks above the lace on her petticoat. The lush grass was under her feet. There were no sidewalks in that part of New Jersey. There was a vein of pitiless sense in Eveline Peach, and she did not mind the lack of sidewalks. She had on a black glazed belt, which was a false note that jarred palpably in an otherwise perfect pink and white symphony. A green tomato-worm crossed her path.

She did not scream nor faint. She stopped and touched the worm lightly with the tip of her finger and said in a careless, murmuring flow:

"Poor little thing!"

The potentialities of motherhood were strong in Eveline Peach. She had a fine, brave, high spirit. She would not have been afraid of a cow.

Henry Roberts was a clerk in the only store in that part of New Jersey. He had \$69.32 in the savings bank and was considered a great catch. Henry Roberts was different from other young men in the village. He cleaned his fingernails on Sunday and had a certain dash and go that a plaid necktie accentuated. He knew that all the girls were after him, but it gave him no uplifting exaltation of spirit.

His mother was of the refined and cultured type of old ladies who keep pound-cake and elderberry wine on hand for callers.

She had two black silk dresses. When Eveline Peach reached the store in which Henry Roberts clerked, there was no one there but Henry. He was in the back part of the store rubbing pink hair oil with a cinnamon odor into his hair before a little mirror on the wall. He had pretty hair, and he took good care of it. His grocer's garb did not conceal the fine and graceful lines of his figure. He had a good figure. Hastily wiping his hands on his trousers, Henry came forth to meet Eveline. He had on a fetching little stick-pin, found in a box of prize chewing-gum. All her soul was in the eyes of Eveline Peach when she went forward to meet Henry Roberts. The foolish, hampering,



A CROSS SECTION.

PUCK

A SWEET RECOLLECTION.

UTILL dear to my heart is the old oaken bucket;
I'll never prove false to one iron-bound stave.
Though Time's heavy hand has most ruthlessly struck it,
That moss-covered bucket—O long may it wave!
But when I roam backward in fond recollection,
'Tis not of that primitive relic I dream.
With deeper emotion and stronger affection
I think of the bucket that froze the ice-cream.

How well I remember one eve, long departed,
When father came bringing it home from the store;
We spied him afar, swift as arrows we darted
To fetch the new freezer in state to the door.
How well I recall with what rapt admiration
I first viewed that tub with its glittering can;
I deemed it the greatest, the noblest creation
The ages could show to the glory of man.



We left it that night with what infinite yearning
To test it at once, but our parents had said,
The time was not ripe for its gears to be turning,
Though ripe for the young ones to march off to bed.

I long lay awake with my mind in commotion,
And when, at last, slumber closed softly my eyes,
I dreamed all the bergs in the vast Arctic Ocean
Were plates of ice-cream of appropriate size.

Some sorrows I knew in the days of my childhood,
And one was the grindstone I shuddered to see;
And oft I fled into the deep-tangled wild-wood,
While loudly the clothes-wringer's crank cried for me.

But when I was called to perform on the freezer,
They found me not wanting, my heart never shrank,
And had I been offered the scepter of Cæsar,
I'm sure that I still should have clung to my crank.

Then sweet was the fruit of my strenuous labors,
Though not too abundant, I needs must allow,
For mother would always take part to the neighbors,—

An outrage and shame which I feel even now.
The mouths of my brothers and sisters were many,
And even that freezer fulfilled not my dream
Of feeling, for once, that I did not have any
More room at the top for a dish of ice-cream.

Rob't L. Dodd.

hindering conventionalities of life had ever been foreign to this untrammelled young soul. Now she put her arms around Henry Roberts and said trustfully and simply:

"I love you, Henry Roberts. We will be married next Saturday night.

Then Henry, with a great gulp of blissful confession, laid his head on her shoulder and sobbed softly.

Eveline wore a white dotted Swiss muslin at her wedding, and Henry wore the conventional black, with a white lawn tie. Old Lady Page was at the wedding, and the Page pride rose mountain high that night, for among the wedding presents were her hen and rooster which she had sent over to Eveline to show that the Pages could still give presents when it was proper to do so. They found her dead the next week, with a glorified look of pride on her high-bred old face. A tray of untouched food sent in by a neighbor was by her side. They bore her by the Henry Roberts' home on her way to the cemetery. The hen and rooster were both on the fence



when the funeral cortege passed. They showed no emotion. Eveline Peach-Roberts stood in the doorway. She had on a blue and white delaine house-dress and a dainty white apron aflutter with little blue bows. She had not gone to the funeral. When the funeral cortege had passed, she said in her sweet drawl:

"I guess I'll stir up a cake for Hen's supper."

Then she turned and went into the house, while the hen on the fence lost her grip and fell to the ground with a wild squawk. The rooster crowed lustily. It was a wild, wierd, fatuous crow—an inharmonious exuberance of expression that caused Eveline Peach-Roberts to return to open the door and say:

"Cut that, you squawking trollop!"

The sun went down, the stars came out, the moon rode high, the mist rolled away, the screech owl shrielled, the frogs peeped, the katydids sang. It was night in New Jersey.

Max Merryman.

One pose + pen, tablet, scroll, books, lamp and owl = Literature.

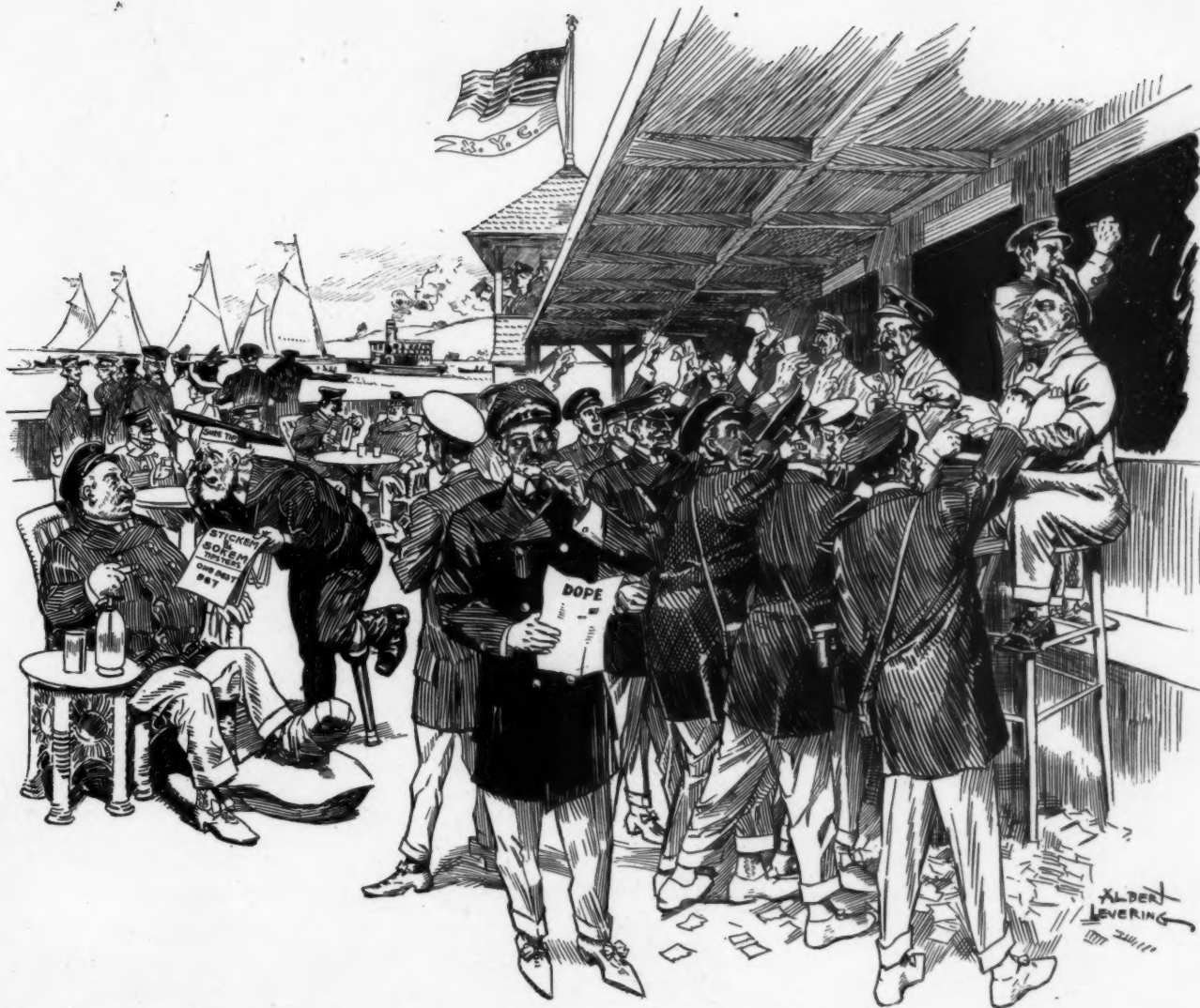


Same pose + globe, pair of dividers, wires, retort, test tubes, etc. = Science.



Same pose + Summer suit, gloves, hat and cane = Clothing Advertisement.

IT'S EASY TO PAINT MURALS WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.



WHILE WE ARE ABOUT IT, WHY NOT "IMPROVE THE BREED" OF YACHTS ALSO?



TO BILL.

BY A DELEGATE GOING TO CHICAGO.

TELL ME NOT, Bill, I am unkind,
Or that I don't enthuse;
That I to thee am disinclined,
Tho' thee I still must choose.

True, I could show a braver face
To one I hold more dear,
And with a sterner faith embrace
His lone unbrothered Spear.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love thee, Bill, so much,
Loved I not Teddy more.

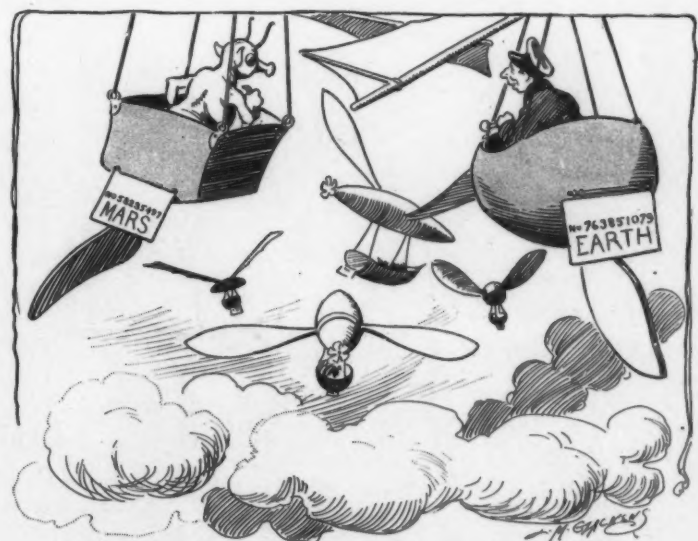
B. L. T.

THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS.

"HE had three daughters. One married a French chauffeur—"
"Ah! Quite original."
"The second married an Indian, a descendant of a chieftain—"
"I see! Quite aboriginal."
"But the third married a plain American business man."
"H'm! Merely eccentric, I should say."

BUT worst of all, perhaps, is justice distempered with mercy.

COMPARISONS are particularly odious because they are inevitable, and particularly inevitable because they are odious.



COMMUNICATION WITH MARS.

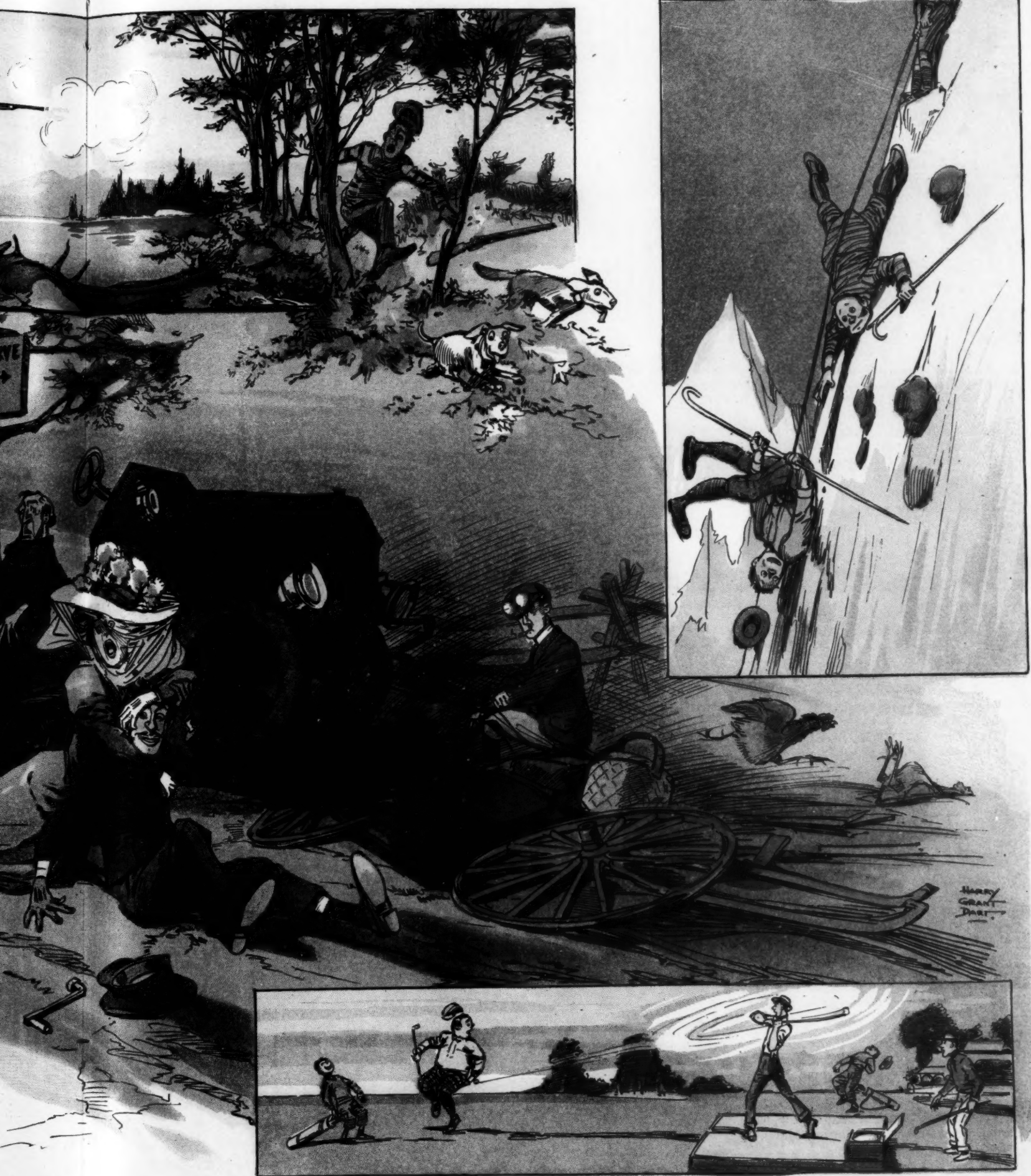
SOME DAY, PERHAPS, WE WILL MEET THEM HALF WAY.

The optimist judges the future by the past, but he excludes a good deal of the evidence.



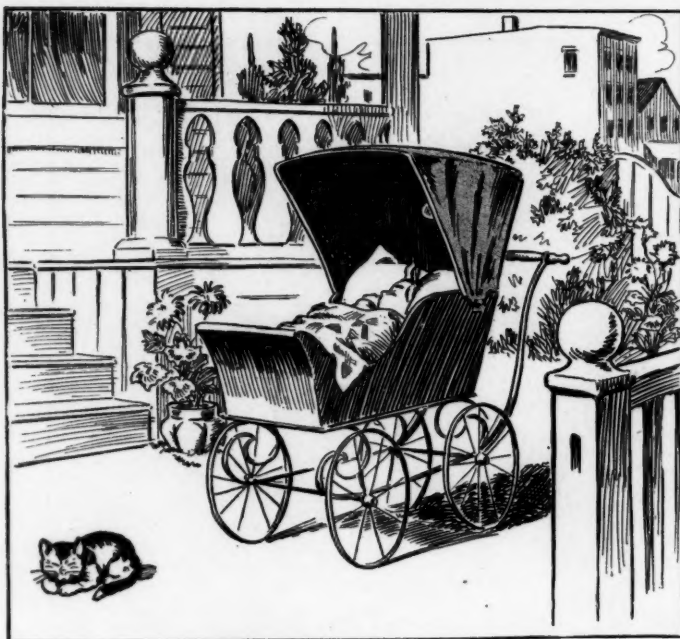
THE PUCK PRESS

WRECKREA



WRECKREATION.

"SLEEPING LIKE A CHILD."—ROMANCE AND REALITY.



How the baby you *read* about takes his noon-day nap.



How the baby you *know* about takes his noon-day nap.



CHOSEN.

"HE wine list!" With patrician air
I order. And each vintage rare
That beckons from the sober print
Bids Fancy riot without stint.
Anon, beneath its fairy spell
I trend the banks of the Moselle;
Anon I view, at its behest,
The Rhenish vineyards, sun-caressed.
The page I turn and gaze on thee,
Fair vine-clad land of Burgundy;
On verdant slope and flowered plain
Of Gascony and of Champagne;
On thee, Bordeaux—come, turn the page!
Amontillado, ripe with age,
Brings visions of Granada's bowers,
Of Moorish palaces and towers,
Of raven-locked Castilian maids
And flashing of Toledo blades.
Again I turn—afar I stray
To dream of fire-fraught Tokay,
Of feasts where red Chianti flows
And proud Madeira darkly glows
And Port—but tush! The waiter's here—
The dream is o'er. "One glass of beer."

Thomas R. Ybarra.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

"I DON'T believe," remarked good old Aunt Loezy,
"that Lige Potter is doin' very well in Chicago."
"Oh, I don't know," replied Uncle Liphaleet,
"Lige useter be a purty sharp chap before he went there."
"Yes, but we've been takin' this Chicago paper four
years now, and it's never once mentioned his name, even when
the hull Potter family went there ter visit him!"

NOTHING IN VAIN.

THE poet died without knowing what he had been created for.
"To starve!" was his one best guess.
Of course he was in error. Could he have looked forward
only a hundred years or so, and beheld the cheap skates who should
then be making a fat living writing about him, he must have under-
stood better. Almost nothing is created in vain.

EXIGENCIES.

"I SHOULD suppose, in the interests of realism, you would have
real wine, in the play."
"Well, we mustn't be too exacting. The plot requires the lead-
ing man to decline a drink of it, and we only pay him twenty dollars
a week, you know."



WHY NOT MAKE A TEST CASE?

FRENCH COUNTESS (formerly a rich American).—I protest against
this outrage! Why am I arrested? Tell me instantly!
THE GENDARME.—Wis pleasure! Madame is arrested for main-
taining a nuisance.

**The great danger in trying to get something for nothing is that you may
get what you deserve.**

ENTRE NOUS.

(Being a heart-to-heart communion between the editor of "The Brassband Magazine" and its twelve million readers.)

T is the happiest moment in the life of the maker of *The Brassband Magazine* when he sits down to have this inspiring talk with his twelve million friends. He fairly yearns to grasp each and every one of the magazine's twelve million readers by the hand and clap him on the back in hearty blacksmith-shop style.

There is little need in calling your attention, gentle friends, to the splendid, magnificent cover design, nor to the first inside cover, nor to the art decorations put out by a leading business house on the second inside cover, nor to the attention-seizing drawing of the child on the back cover running a lawn-mower, for these compelling works of art grasp the eye and fasten it without the reader's affirmative.

The art adornments in our barter-place are wonderful creations, and we sigh that we cannot send framed artist's proofs of these to every one of our twelve million readers. By actual count we have forty-one beautiful women in our trading counter section, playing pianolas, twenty-one rowing, sixty-four applying hair tonics, fifty-eight driving autos, and twenty-nine drinking health waters. What a galaxy of beauties! The most famous beauties, and the best known artists' models in the whole world, have posed for these drawings and photographs. We positively will not let a commercial firm appear in our pages unless it brings to us the best in art that talent, genius, science and money can gather.

Our contributors are world-famous; rival magazine editors make personal calls on them beseeching them to contribute to their publications. The humorist who wrote the page-article for the tailor-shop on Dozenth Street is the pet of the United States; the man who contributed the page illuminated with vignettes on brass bedsteads for the well known firm on Ifty-first Avenue is received abroad by royalty. But why need enumerate?

A PAINFUL DIFFERENCE.



WHEN MOTHER IS HURT.



WHEN FATHER IS HURT.

With pardonable pride, the man behind the pen calls attention to the fact, that there are two hundred and ten pages of splendid business opportunities, with only thirty-one pages of reading to distract the reader's attention.

When ye editor thinks of what is offered his twelve million readers, he trembles, and has placed at his door a plain-clothes guard for fear jealous rival magazines will try to wreck the office. Again he fears that calumny worst of all will be cried against him—the howl of being a magazine philanthropist—that the paltry purchase price of fifteen cents is only a technical turn by which the great-hearted editor can dodge the disparaging title of out-and-out philanthropist.

Homer Croy.

The Beer Question Settled



The public has shown its decision by demanding each year of **MILLER HIGH LIFE BEER** an increase in production greater than that of any other beer in America. This decision has been based on:

The **QUALITY**—secured from the high grade of its ingredients. The **PURITY**—secured by unremitting care in every detail. The **FLAVOR**—secured by using the best quality of Bohemian hops, and selected rich barley malt. A single bottle will convince you of its **SUPERIORITY**.

Miller
HIGH LIFE
MILWAUKEE'S LEADING BOTTLED BEER

*"Master thinks I'm a dandy
at mixing cocktails."*



CUR

FOUR OVER LUMPS OF ICE, STRAIN AND SERVE
Popular Varieties

REGULAR MARTINI <i>Medium</i>	DRY MARTINI <i>Dry</i>	BRUT MARTINI <i>Very Dry</i>
REGULAR MANHATTAN <i>Medium</i>	DRY MANHATTAN <i>Dry</i>	
WHISKEY	TOM GIN	VERMOUTH

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

THE police have arrested a young woman whom they call the "queen of horse thieves." Is this a knock or a boost?—*Chicago Post*.

NEVERTHELESS, it will be noticed that the man who would rather have a good horse any time is mighty cordial to his friends who own automobiles.—*Indianapolis News*.

THE Ameer of Afghanistan swears fealty to England and blames the frontier ructions on his brother. The bad-brother plea has been worked often in the past.—*Washington Star*.

MARINES who won a Sunday ball game were rewarded by being kissed by a pretty girl. Against this sort of opposition the war upon Sunday amusements becomes a forlorn hope.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

AS STRENUOUS as Mr. Roosevelt has been in the past few years, it is as nothing to what he will have to be if he does everything he is credited with an intention to do immediately after he retires from the Presidency.—*Washington Herald*.

You can pick out any kind of shirt you like and be sure you will like it, if the name "Cluett" is on it.

**Cluett
SHIRTS**

\$1.50 and more

"TO-DAY'S SHIRT," a booklet, is yours for the asking.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 483 River St., Troy, N. Y.
Makers of ARROW Collars.

IN spite of the attacks of his enemies Senator Bailey has had rather smooth sailing in Texas. Perhaps the oil helped a little.—*Chicago Post*.

THERE is a sort of compensation in the fact that a girl has strained her neck in trying to see all of her hat at once.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

ACCORDING to a woman physician the soul of the dead travel due east when they leave their earthly dwellings. Starting for Paris, evidently.—*Chicago Post*.

ANOTHER good thing about the weather is that if there weren't any, people would probably spend even more time in talking about their neighbors.—*Somerville Journal*.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
**TOILET
POWDER**
for After Shaving.




Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is talcopic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Friction Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. It is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN says in Paris that he is feeling as well as ever, and that the American financial outlook is encouraging. It would be perhaps ungracious to try to put these two statements together into cause-and-effect relationship.—*Washington Star*.

\$60,000 Value Given Away
THERACYLE has 7 1/2 tons pressure on its crank hanger. It runs and climbs hills easier than other bicycles. Is the largest selling high-grade wheel in the world. Will last a lifetime. We make no cheap RACYCLES but you can get yours AT FACTORY PRICES by securing us an agent. Catalog and pamphlet sent FREE. It tells about the RACYCLE and how to get the \$60,000.
THE RACYCLE MANUFACTORY, MIDDLETOWN, CT.



AND to think we used to grumble about "billion dollar" Congresses a few years back! What a lot of "tight-wads" we were in those silly old days!—*Washington Herald*.

A CALIFORNIA woman has awakened after eighty-seven days of sound sleep. Not until she sees her friends' spring hats will she realize how much she has missed by her nap.—*Chicago Post*.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish.



Bar Keeper's Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George Williams Hoffman, 262 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



FITTED FOR IT.

THE EQUESTRIENNE.—How did you happen to become a clown?
THE CLOWN.—Oh, I drifted into it naturally. At home I was always one of those fellows who are described as "the-life-of-the-party."

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

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MODIFIED DIET.

"Has local option made much difference?"

"Yes," answered Col. Stilwell. "But the men out our way are gradually learning to eat the grain we raise instead of drinking it."—*Washington Star.*

A SOUTHERN paper refers to Mme. Patti as "a grand old woman." Does this come under the head of Southern chivalry?—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

If what our sailors say is true about the prices they are being charged for things on the California coast, those people out there must be laboring under the impression that the fleet was sent to that locality as a means of relieving the local financial depression.—*Wash. Herald.*

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor

The Gem Junior with the New Bar does the hand-work of the barber, tightens the skin and raises the hairs vertically, giving a perfect, close, delightful shave with no scraping. Lather and shave—that's all.

New frame with Bar sent to present users of the Gem Junior Safety Razor on receipt of 25c. No exchanges.



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COMPARATIVELY LONG.

THE WAITER (in eat-as-you-enter restaurant).—Gotter wait for a small steak, boss. It ain't among the Ready-Dishes t'day.

PATRON.—Well, how long'll I have to wait?

THE WAITER.—Oh, 'bout a minute.

Hotels and restaurants should have a bottle of Abbott's Bitters handy in the dining-room for a fruit cocktail. Adds to the deliciousness of grape fruit.

KNOWN.
TOM.—Why don't you get a new spring suit?

DICK.—I can't find a new tailor.—*Somerville Journal.*

A DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The platform proposed by Senator Rayner of Maryland is one of which it may at least be said that the Democratic party could go farther and fare worse. With no intention of disparaging the other planks, there is one which stands out most invitingly at the present time. We refer to the demand "that the tariff be reformed by its enemies."—*The Public.*

THAT worm may eat Paris green with impunity, but have they tried it on a little pure Vermont maple sirup?—*Indianapolis News.*

Pure



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RED
TOP
RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

STILL, Mr. Tom Watson's poor opinion of Washington as the place of residence of our Presidents is hardly a matter of keen personal interest or anxiety.—*Washington Herald.*

A NEWS DISPATCH tells the story of a man who has repaid a loan after a lapse of fifty years. Many men have loans outstanding which they believe will not be repaid in so short a time.—*Washington Star.*

THE street car strike with which Cleveland was threatened was settled by arbitration before it began. More arbitration of that kind would be a fine thing for the country generally.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



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May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.



COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY

"Waiter, be sure and bring me Cook's Imperial; I have known that champagne for years and can depend on its uniformity of quality—it equals the best vintages of the Old World."

Served Everywhere

TARIFF REFORM.

How well the Protectionists realize the danger of putting print paper and pulp on the free trade list. It would be indeed like pulling down a supporting pillar of the Protection temple. Every trust-commodity that goes upon that list is a blow at the Protection principle. If this were not realized by the Interests and their political allies, the tariff would be taken off paper at once, for the newspapers want it so. But the high priests of Protection have read the Samson story.—*The Public.*



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ELASTIC ADJUSTABLE PENDANT
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Made with the Celebrated **Velvet Grip**
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GOOD ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Imitations of the genuine Angostura Bitters are constantly offered to the public by unscrupulous dealers. The genuine Angostura Bitters bears the signature of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert, who first prepared them at the city of Angostura in the year 1824. Persons desiring to purchase genuine Angostura Bitters should see that the label bears the signature of the inventor and the name of the present manufacturers, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons', whose exclusive right to the use of the trade name Angostura for bitters has been sustained by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in a decision with which the Supreme Court of the United States, upon an application made to it by the defendants, refused to interfere.

EMBARRASSMENT OF THE IOWA RAILROADS.

When the railroad companies brought suit in the Federal Courts to restrain the enforcement of the 2-cent-a-mile passenger regulation in Iowa, they overlooked a possibility that has now become a reality. Instead of losing money under the 2-cent rate in Iowa, they have made money. The regulation went into effect ten months ago, and the reports for the first six months are now out. These reports show an increase of receipts on all the eight roads but two. The aggregate increase of the last half of 1907 (2-cent fares) over the corresponding half of the previous year is \$383,057—the difference between \$6,904,460 in 1906, and \$7,287,517 in 1907. It seems that low fares actually pay. Yet it takes a railroad expert to foresee that they won't and to be surprised that they do.—*The Public.*

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

Don't let whiskey get the best of you! Say "Trimble" and get the Best of Whiskey.

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CIGARETTES

have made their reputation; but they do not depend upon it. They stand upon their present merits.

"LEST WE FORGET."

None can doubt that among the important problems requiring immediate solution and certainly demanding the best thought of men is that of so adjusting monetary conditions as to make a recurrence of the recent panic impossible. The fault, to my mind, is not so much in our national currency system as in the banking methods which have grown up in the great financial centers. Under these methods, misuse of deposits and maladministration of trust funds, particularly for the exploitation of auxiliary institutions promoted for private gain at public cost, have become common practices. In the development of such practices have grown up the added evils of inflation of values and the cornering of the money market, and the result of all has been financial stringency and consequent loss to interests that affect the entire country. The laws most needed to restore and preserve public confidence are laws which will compel honest banking methods and put an end to financial piracy and its attendant practices.—Gov. Johnson in "The Independent."

A REAL FIGHT.

SUBBUBS.—My wife and I were discussing household affairs the other night, and we got into a regular fight.

CITIMAN.—Really, you don't mean it?

SUBBUBS.—Yes, the servant girl overheard us.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE only incredible thing about that Paris story is that the three "directoire" young ladies were removed by a "blushing policeman." French policemen can't blush.—*Chicago Post.*

IF Judge Gray gets tired of seeing his number of delegates remain six, he might turn the figure upside down and make it look 50 per cent bigger, anyhow.—*Washington Herald.*

THE Rev. Mr. Cooke, who filed charges against Chancellor Day, has been marooned in an isolated pastorate. Free speech may be constitutional, but it is often perilous.—*Washington Star.*

J. & F. MARTELL

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LIQUEUR
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**GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE**

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G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York



THE MALIGNED BARBER.

The professional humorist has a few stock jokes which have survived the fall of dynasties and the crash of worlds, and which will pursue their triumphant career until Gabriel appears with his official announcement: "Time is, time was, but time shall be no more!"

One of these jokes relates to the loquacity of barbers. Because of the industrious professional humorist, the tonsorial artist has to live down a world-wide reputation for idle, superfluous and unprofitable conversation.

Have you ever seen a barber who talked too much? The *Gazette* never has.

When you go into the temple of the barber to have an operation performed upon your aching whiskers, you will find him and his associates attending to their work quietly and industriously, if they happen to be busy; if they are not busy, they will all go quietly to their chairs, treating you with pleasant courtesy, but not volunteering any conversation. If you insist upon discussing the living issues of the day while your alfalfa is being mown, you will probably have an attentive listener, but there will be no debate. The barber who is making your face look human will let you do the talking.

Many worthy old men and women who shave themselves, or don't shave at all, have a deep-seated idea that a barber-shop is a wicked sort of a place where people read the *Police Gazette* and tell yellow stories and exchange spavined jokes. This is also entirely erroneous. Pink papers are no longer seen in first-rate barber-shops, and the customer given to vulgar language and shady stories would soon be made to understand that his patronage was not wanted at such a place.

There are low down barber-shops, just as there are low down drug stores, hotels and grocery stores. But in the places of the better class the atmosphere is always good and clean, and the proprietors, being decent and respectable themselves, do not want the money—or the conversation—of those who are not decent and respectable.

So much for men who have been misrepresented and maligned by jay humorists.—*Emporia Gazette*.

A VIRGINIA jury declined to convict a man of selling cocaine, their excuse being that if found guilty he would have to go to jail. They said the law was defective. Other people will take the liberty of thinking the jury defective.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.



DEPRAVITY.

MR. TOWNHALL (*the morning after the one-night-stand*).—By jingo, Mother, don't you recognize that feller? He was the villain who stole the papers in the play last night.

MRS. TOWNHALL.—The hardened criminal! T'think of his walkin' brazenly down Main Street just as if nothin' had happened.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

AS ON THE STAGE.

"Them three men?" Farmer Border replied to a question, "them's our farm hands."

"But," asked the city girl, "where's the other one?"

"W'at other one?"

"Why, there's always a quartette o' them to sing the 'Old Oaken Bucket,' isn't there?"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

We had heard that the Merry Widows were "going out," and now we know they are going out to Kansas. The state has just issued an appeal for thirty thousand men.—*Chicago Post*

MR. EDISON has succeeded in making the Phonograph so clear and so perfect that its rendition of all kinds of music and other sounds is remarkable and almost beyond belief. The Edison Phonograph is not only the greatest entertainer that can be introduced into a home, it is also a scientific apparatus which will help to educate the minds of the children who listen to it.

Go to the nearest Edison dealer and see the new model Edison and hear the latest Records, or write to us for a descriptive catalogue.



National Phonograph Co., 43 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

BABIES AND FAMILIES WANTED.

Libby, McNeill and Libby have gone into the condensed milk business, and they have designated their size cans in rather a peculiar manner—the small size is "Baby" and the next size is "Family." Little wonder, therefore, that an operator who received the following telegram felt certain that the wires were mixing things:

"Ship quick, Wall, Lake Charles, 20 families and 10 babies."

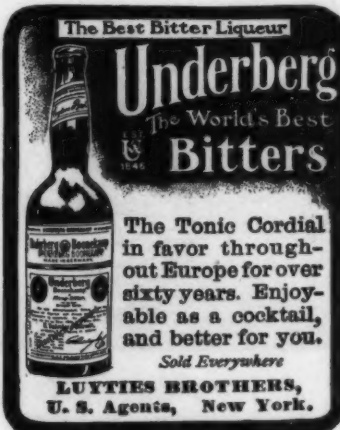
After consulting one of the selling departments, however, the operator saw a light. The message meant, when translated, ship to the Wall Grocery Co. of Lake Charles, La., 20 cases of Family size Evaporated Milk and 10 cases of Small Family Size. The 20 families and the 10 babies are now in the South.

If Cicero, and Burke, and Webster should come to life again, and hear some of the school children recite their speeches, they would be sorry they spoke.—*Somerville Journal*.

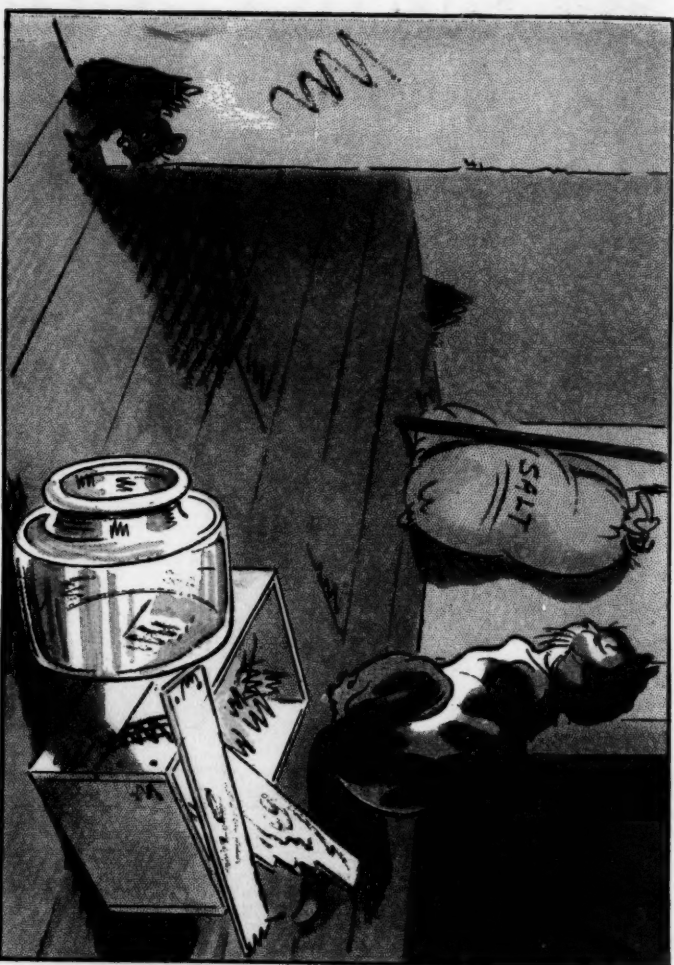
AT THE BASE-BALL GROUNDS.

"My stars, what a high ball! Isn't that the best you ever saw?"

"Not on your life! I've seen Dawson's Scotch. Ask for it."



NECESSITY IS THE MATERNAL PARENT OF INVENTION.



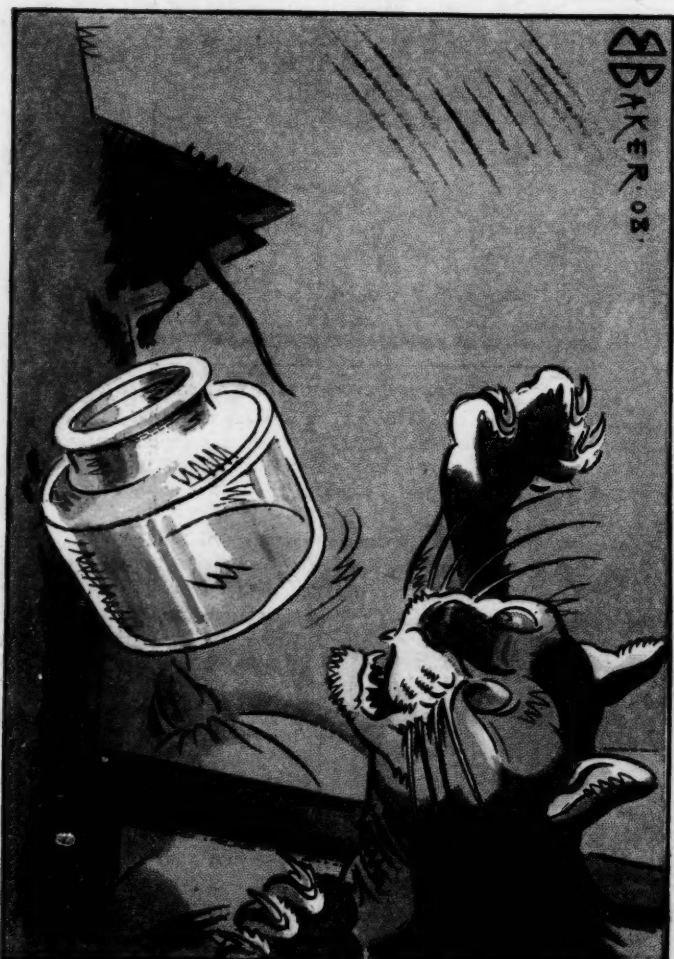
I.
The Rat.—We-e-e, there's the cat! How'll I ever get home?



II.
"Ha, a scheme! I'll just crawl into this bottle—"



III.
"Roll it along, squirrel fashion, and—"



IV.
"So long, whiskers! Here's my station."